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John Allen Chalk: Personal Correspondence

John Allen Chalk

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From: Jan (no last name)

Jan unknown

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Sunday,  
January 5, 1969

Dear Bro. Chalk,

I received your very inspiring letter upon my return home. It was filled with so much hope and concern, and I try so very hard to understand why, but I cannot. You have no idea what it means to me to have someone give me, Jan Carter, some special kind of help. It has re-gained my faith in my fellow Christians. I had lost faith in myself as well as in others, and your letter has helped a tremendous amount. I had decided that there was no use for me to try anymore, and that God had helped me all he was going to, and the rest was up to me. Bro. Chalk, until the Seminar and all of the happenings there I didn't want to live anymore, especially when I felt so all alone. I appreciate so much the prayers of you and your wife, it is truly a blessing to have you both praying for me and to



be re-assuring me.

I have always grown up without fears or at least without letting them out. I guess sometimes people are taught to hold everything inside of them. I only regret that I had to come home to an empty house after such a wonderful meeting. Of course I'm used to being alone, but I wanted to tell someone about it. I really wonder how much more I can take.

I've been up since Thursday evening, and it is now Sunday Morning. I was up with the Yell all Night Thursday night, and felt fine Friday Morning, so I went to work. Friday Night I was up all night with my girlfriend who had just gotten beat by her drunk husband. Boy, she was really a mess. I do hope I helped her. Last night Benny came home from Kansas and decided to come over at about 8:30 last night. He stayed the entire night. So this is the third day that I've gone to work with no sleep. My reaction when I saw Benny was at first pity, then it was fear. I was afraid, because I was alone. He acted like nothing happened in Kansas, but yet the same thing happened again. I said the same words to him, but with more fear because I knew what he had done before. He looks so lost, and so very lonely. He said last night that he loved me and wanted to marry me in June when he gets out of the service, because I'm so pure and fresh, and he knows know one has ever touched me, or would ever touch me. He promised me



he would go to Church whenever the doors were open, and he would get his degree in Sociology and help in the inner-city. It all sounded so beautiful. So tempting. I came to reality, and just said, that it wouldn't work. With that, he began drinking all the beer he could get from our refrigerator, and chattering at me. He said I never had been given any love, so consequently I could never hope to be able to give it. He put down Tommy and said he was a bitch like me, and he hoped I die, so we can live in Hell together. It just hurt me more than I can say.

Oh, I do plan to go to Georgia if all goes well. I appreciate so much you letting me talk to you, but I don't like to bother you with trivial things. Of course they aren't trivial to me, but you don't even know them. How could you be concerned?

Oh know (mo!), Tommy's here at the Hospital. He just told the receptionist he has an appointment with "Miss Carter". I need to go now, and face it. I hope I live through this episode.

Just how much can one person endure?

I pray for you daily, and hope your work for God grows stronger day by day.

In His Love,

Jan.



PEACE, VICTORY

I wrote a poem for myself when I'm feeling low. I'd like to share it with you in case your ever down. (ha!)

### God, lend me a Hand

God, lend me a hand to cling to  
When I'm falling close to sin.  
Just offer a tiny finger  
For my own to clutch within.  
Show me the strength and the fullness  
In your open, stretching palms.  
Give me the courage to grasp it,  
In my moments of sinking palms.  
Offer a hand that's lifting,  
One that will raise me up.  
Please, lend me a hand to cling to,  
One that holds the healing cup.  
Grant me the strength of your fingers,  
When temptations that pull at my wrist.  
God, give me a hand to reach for,  
When I need it on days like this!